## BANK SWALLOW HABITS.

Lake Forest is situated on high ground on the west side of Lake Michigan. A few rods back from the shore are cliffs about seventy-five feet high, which always present an almost perpendicular face of glacial till, that is constantly being eroded away during stormy weather. The till is mostly clay, with sand "pockets" of several square yards cross sections frequently occurring; and these are in great favor with Bank Swallows as nesting places.

A group of these pockets near one of the walks along shore contained the burrows of about seventy-five pairs of Bank Swallows.

On May 10, 1898, I happened by this place. It was a bright, warm afternoon, and a good time for sun-baths. I found the swallows indulging in a performance somewhat different from anything that I had ever seen before. All seemed to be at it, and everything was done in earnest and with remarkable regularity. Gathered at the entrances of the burrows which were more or less completely excavated, the males would perform as we so often see cock sparrows do when courting, though with less vigorous demonstrations. The characteristic motion was a rapid vibration of the wings held a little apart from the body. Some of the time this motion seemed to be indulged in by all, which caused me to doubt its being a simple nesting performance; and I am not sure that the birds were doing anything more than having a play time. Every four or five minutes, during the hour I watched them, the whole lot would leave with a whirl and circle out over the lake a few rods, always returning to repeat the same performance again and again.

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## BIRDS FROM THE CAR WINDOW.

If one could judge from the attitude and occupation of the majority of rail-road travelers, an extended journey of that kind is not a thing to be desired. Indeed, the traveler who persists in window gazing, and perchance makes frequent use of note-book and pencil, is pretty certain to be relegated to the interesting tho not wholly desirable "greenhorn" type. Nevertheless, current writings give indisputable proof that nature study from the car window is coming more and more into favor as a regular and profitable means of making a journey pass pleasantly.

The morning of July 20, found the writer whirling over the broad prairies and swamps of western Indiana and eastern Illinois, on the line